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The Marylander
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THE MARYLANDER'S GOOD BYE.

AIR—"The White Rose."

Adieu! Adieu! dear Maryland,
I arm at honor's call,
For freedom's sacred cause to stand,
To conquer or to fall.
I leave in sadness thy loved shore,
For hardships fierce and dire,
But Abe's oppressing hordes now pour
To make Virginia tire.

Still loud for help the South hath cried,
Still recreant kept I back,
My friends by hundreds for me died,
Ere I too took the track.
But now I've started, off I go,
Determined all to win,
To carve a tomb-stone from the foe,
Before I shall give in,

I leave my friends, my home and all,
My fate to boldly try,
My blood for vengeance loud shall call,
If by the North I die.
Enough of sadness soon I'll hear,
The battle's ringing shout,
Assians then I'll leave all fear,
My sword must flashing out.

Here charging squadrons furious meet,
And sword is clashed with sword,
I'll death or glory gladly greet,
As I cleave the invading horde.

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